

## [Interview with Vito Cacciola #41]

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Vito Cacciola

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by

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Merton R. Lovett

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“From Memory”.

### Interview with Vito Cacciola

BY Merton R. Lovett

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(from memory)

“I hopa Mr. Lovett, you thinka many times before you signa de note.

“For me to signa de note was great disaster. The result costa me much money, worry in de heart and de love of good friend.

“A customer named Bertucci, coma to me with great trouble. He saya, ‘Vito, if you do not helpa me I losa my truck. If I losa de truck I losa de business. I ama ruin-ed. If you cannot giva to me aid I will go crazy. I will go far away. I will cuta out my heart’.

“I tella him that he acta crazy already. What does you needa John, a little money? I am your friend.

“‘No’, he replya, ‘I wanta no money. I want you to writa your name on de paper. It will costa you nothing. I will keepa my truck’.

“My gracious, that paper look-ed innocent lika de letter from mother. Because I ignorance, I reada it with carelessness. It has in it many teeth which are disguis-ed.

“Did I get a bit-ed? You can beta yourself I did.

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"My friend made a in de paper promise to pay \$150. What I did not seea was de nigger in woodpile. If he does nota pay I must do so.

"You guessa what happen-ed?

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"Thats righta. John he could not paya de company. Bye and bye de lawyer senda me letter. He giva me notice to pay \$115.

"My jingo, what could I do? De lawyer maka threats. I paya money each month. I must maka many sacrifices. I could eata no chicken or beefsteak.

"No, that false friend never has help-ed me. He has not call-ad on me for long time. 'He feela great shame.

. . . . .

"I will not sue a him. You cannot milka money from him like cow."

"Here is Tony with de customer's shoes. He maka much speed on de roller skates.

"Why Tony, whats de matter? Have you hurta your knee?

"Let me looka at it. That is de bad cut. It is very bad. Coma here and I will fixa it.

"Stopa de squeals, Tony. Does you wisha Mr. Lovett to thinka you are little pig?

"No I puta on it de iodine. Ouch! Ouch! While I does it I will squeala for you.

"Now you will geta well quick. De iodine will killa de evil mikee—mike—. What does you calla them Mr. Lovett? Yes, thats it, mickro boobes.

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"No, I will not attenda any church on Easter. I have a lost 3 my admiration for de churches. De peoples what goa to church; do they liva by de rules of Christ? They do not.

"I hava been undilussion-ed. How many peoples liva by their religion? Very few and that goes for de ministers and priestes also.

"Does de preachers and priestes maka plain de teachings of God? Does they repeata honestly de words of Jesus? No they does not. They thinka to increase their own reputation. They value more than truth their own job. More than de peoples souls they priza fame and money.

"What would I saya, if I was de preacher? I would copy with honesty de words which Christ saya. I would deterprita de Bible with exactness and honesty.

"To maka illustration I will tella to you de story.

"My brother Peter in 1915 leava this country to fight in Italian army. He was first de conscripta, who knows nothing of de army.

"On morning it was cold so he puta on his American gloves when he starta de drills.

"De sargeant, who was de boss for drills, seea on Peter de gloves. Right away he bawla Peter out. He saya, 'Cacciola, what for you weara gloves? Taka dem off! Taka them off quick!'

"Peter, he is surpris-ed. He looka and see de Lieutenant and officers. They weara gloves also. Then he saya to de sargeant, 'it isa cold this morning so I weara de gloves, which I bring 4 from America.

"My! My! My! De sergeant he geta more angry. He yella, 'Taka off de gloves quick or I puta you in de guard house'.

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“Hah! hah”, replys Peter with innocense, ‘Whata de matter big guy? Looka de captain, he weara de gloves’.

“Oh it was a most terrible, de rage of that sargeant. He graba Peter by de collar and shaka his head almost off. He crya, ‘Listen sweetheart; was you not de ignorant Americana, I would breaka your head. Maybe I will do a that soon anyway’.

“Then de sargeant taka from his shirt de book. It is what you calla deregulations of Italian army. He turna de pages and shouta, ‘Looka here blockhead. I did not writa this book. I did not maka these rules. I does not care wether you wear gloves on your hands or on your ears like de ass. But it saya in de book that de private must not weara gloves. What de book saya you must do. De sargeants do not maka de rules, but they reforca them. If the soldiers do not obey, they is lika de dead goose.

“From this story, you can seea Mr. Lovett, de lesson. If I was de preacher, I would showa to peoples de Bible. I would tella them that I did not writa it, I did not maka de rules there. I woulda say, ‘de Bible is de word of God’. God, hisself maka de rules. Jesus tella them whata to do if they would be save-ed. I would maka peoples see that it was de rules of God and not de whims of de church which they musta obey.”